

TO THE  
KING,  
UPON  
HIS MAJESTIES  
HAPPY RETURN.



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**K I N G,**  
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**H A P P Y R E T U R N.**



He rising Sun complies with our weak  
 sight,

First guilds the Clouds, then shows his  
 globe of light

At such a distance from our eyes, as though  
 He knew what harm his hasty Beams would do.

But Your full *MAJESTY* at once breaks forth  
 In the Meridian of Your Reign, Your worth,  
 Your youth, and all the splendor of Your State,  
 Wrapt up, till now, in clouds of adverse fate,  
 With such a flood of light invade our eyes,  
 And our spread Hearts with so great joy surprise,

A,

That



That, if Your Grace incline that we should live,  
 You must not (S I R) too hastily forgive.  
 Our guilt preserves us from th' excess of joy,  
 Which scatters Spirits, and would life destroy.

All are obnoxious, and this faulty Land  
 Like fainting *Hester* doth before you stand,  
 Watching Your Scepter, the revolted Sea  
 Trembles to think she did Your Foes obey.

Great *Britain*, like blind *Polipheme*, of late  
 In a wild rage became the scorne and hate  
 Of her proud Neighbours, who began to think,  
 She, with the weight of her own force, would sink:  
 But You are come, and all their hopes are vain,  
 This Gyant-Isle has got her Eye again;  
 Now she might spare the Ocean, and oppose  
 Your conduct to the fiercest of her Foes:  
 Naked, the Graces guarded You from all  
 Dangers abroad, and now Your Thunder shall  
 Princes, that saw You, different passions prove;  
 For now they dread the Object of their love;  
 Nor without envy can behold His height,  
 Whose Conversation was their late delight.

So *Semele* contented with the rape  
 Of *Jove*, disguised in a mortal shape,  
 When she beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,  
 And his bright rayes, was with amazement kill'd.

And though it be our sorrow and our crime  
 To have accepted life so long a time  
 Without you here, yet does this absence gain  
 No small advantage to Your present Reign:  
 For, having view'd the persons and the things,  
 The Councils, State and strength of *Europe's* Kings,  
 You know your work; Ambition to restrain,  
 And set them bounds, as Heav'n does to the Main.  
 We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,  
 Not such as Books, but such as Practice taught:  
 So the lost Sun, while least by us enjoy'd,  
 Is the whole night, for our concern employ'd:  
 He ripens spices, fruit, and precious Gums,  
 Which from remotest Regions hither comes.

This feat of Yours, from th' other world remov'd,  
 Had *Archimedes* known, he might have prov'd  
 His Engine's force, fixt here, your power and skill  
 Make the worlds motion wait upon your will.

Much suffering Monarch, the first English born  
 That has the Crown of these three Nations worn,  
 How has Your patience, with the barbarous rage  
 Of Your own soyl, contended half an Age?  
 Till (Your try'd virtue, and Your sacred word,  
 At last preventing Your unwilling Sword)  
 Armies and Fleets, which kept You out so long,  
 Own'd their great Sovereign, and redrest His wrong;  
 VVhen straight the People by no force compell'd,  
 Nor longer from their inclination held,  
 Break forth at once, like Powder set on fire,  
 And with a noble rage their **KING** require.

So th' injur'd Sea, which from her wonted course,  
 To gain some rich ground, avarice did force,  
 If the new Banks, neglected once, decay,  
 No longer will from her old Channel stay,  
 Raging the late-got Land, she overflows,  
 And all that's built upon't to ruine goes.

Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin  
 To strive for Grace, and expiate their sin:  
 All winds blow fair, that did the world imbroyle,  
 Your Vipers Treacle yield, and Scorpions Oyle.



If then such praise the *Macedonian* got,  
 For having rudely cut the *Gordian Knot*;  
 VVhat glory's due to him that could divide  
 Such ravell'd interests, has the knot unty'd,  
 And without stroke so smooth a passage made,  
 VVhere craft and malice such impeachments laid?

But while we praise You, You ascribe it all  
 To his high hand, which through the untouch't wall  
 Of self-demolisht *Jerico* so low:  
 His Angel 'twas that did before You go.  
 Tam'd salvage hearts, and made affections yield,  
 Like Ears of Corn when wind salutes the field.

Thus patience crown'd like *Job's*, your trouble ends,  
 Having your Foes to pardon and your Friends:  
 For, though your Courage were so firm a rock,  
 VVhat private vertue could endure the shock?  
 Like your great Master you the storm withstood,  
 And pitied those which Love with Frailty shew'd.

Rude *Indians* torturing all the Royal race,  
 Him with the Throne and dear-bought Scepter grace  
 That suffers best: what Region could be found  
 VVhere your heroick Head had not been crown'd?

The next experience of Your mighty mind,  
 Is, how You combat Fortune now she's kind;  
 And this way too, you are victorious found,  
 She flatters with the same successe, she frown'd;  
 While to Your Self severe, to others kind  
 With power unbounded, and a will confin'd.  
 Of this vast Empire you possess the care,  
 The softer part falls to the Peoples share:  
 Safety and equal Government are things  
 Which Subjects make, as happy, as their Kings.

Faith, Law and Piety, that banisht train;  
 Justice and Truth, with You return again:  
 The Cities Trade, and Countries easie life  
 Once more shall flourish without fraud or strife.  
 Your Reign no less assures the Ploughmans peace,  
 Than the warm Sun advances his increase:  
 And does the Shepherds as securely keep  
 From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.

But above all, the Muse-inspired train  
 Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again;  
 Kind Heav'n at once has in Your Person sent  
 Their sacred Judge, their Guard, and Argument.

By ED: WALLER Esq.



